SELECT

HYMNS,

ON

Religious Subjects,

TAKEN FROM

DAVID's PSALMS,

AND OTHER

PASSAGES of HOLY SCRIPTURE,

AND

Adapted for GENERAL USE.

I will ſing with the Spirit, and I will ſing with the Underſtanding alſo. ST. PAUL.

The THIRD EDITION,

LEWES:

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THE PREFACE.

THE deſign of publiſhing this ſmall Collection of HYMNS, is to furniſh thoſe who have not a larger or a better, with ſome variety of ſentiments and of expreſſions ſuited to the pleaſing Duty of ſinging to the praiſe of God. The Hymns are the compoſitions of ſeveral worthy perſons, well known and deſervedly eſteemed for dedicating their poetical talents to the ſervice of the Sanctuary. The common Verſion of *David*'s Pſalms, both old and new, make no part of this collection. Select portions out of them have been often publiſhed, and among others, one not many years ago, for the uſe of the neighbourhood of *Lewes*. The preſent

may be looked on as additional to thoſe Collections; and is indeed intended to furniſh many ſubjects, extremely proper for a Chriſtian Worſhipper to employ his thoughts about, which thoſe ſeveral Collections, and the Verſions from which they were made, are deficient in.

The Subjects of the following HYMNS are chiefly Chriſtian, and all of univerſal concern. They may be uſed with pleaſure and improvement, in public or in private; changing only the words *I* and *me*, *we* and *us*, *my* and *our*, &c. as occaſion require. Particular care hath been taken that all the expreſſions ſhould be general, and that no particular Phraſes (the Shibboleth of party) ſhould be admitted; and that on this head no reaſonable ground of offence ſhould be given to any Believer in the Chriſtian Revelation and its primary and fundamental truths. The being, perfections, and providence of God; the life, death

death, reſurrection, aſcenſion and glorious Kingdom of Jeſus Chriſt; the mortality of Man, and the infinitely important concerns of our future being.—Theſe, and the conſequences which naturally flow from them, are the Subjects ſung in theſe Hymns, and they muſt be allowed to be of univerſal concern.

The Language, it is hoped will appear ſuitable to the ſubject, clear, ſolemn, and manly; free from the no-meaning rant, or extravagant flights of Enthuſiaſm on the one hand, and yet on the other hand, not ſo low, flat and unanimated, as to diſguſt perſons of diſcernment and taſte.

It was thought proper to accompany theſe Hymns with a few ſelect Tunes. They were choſen from many others, perhaps equally good, partly becauſe they are not very common, and partly on account of the agreeableneſs of their melody, fullneſs of harmony, and eaſe of

modulation. However, it is left as a matter of choice to every perſon, or Society of Singers, whether they will uſe theſe few Tunes, or any others they may be already in poſſeſſion of.

In a word, the ſole motives of making this Collection public, was the hopes of adminiſtering to the pleaſure and improvement of thoſe who delight in this moſt agreeable part of Chriſtian worſhip: and if that be in any degree obtained, the little labour beſtowed therein will be amply compenſated.

SELECT

SELECT HYMNS.

1. *A Morning* HYMN, *Tune* 9. *or* 12.
BISHOP KENN.

1 AWAKE my ſoul, and with the ſun
Thy daily ſtage of duty run;
Shake off dull ſloth and early riſe,
To pay thy morning ſacrifice.

2 Redeem thy miſpent time that's paſt,
Live this day as if 'twere thy laſt;
Thy talents to improve take care,
For the Great Day thyſelf prepare.

3 Let all thy converſe be ſincere,
Thy conſcience as the noon-day clear;
For God's all-ſeeing eye ſurveys
Thy ſecret thoughts, thy works, and ways

4 Wake

4 Wake, and lift up thyſelf, my heart,
And with the Angels bear thy part;
Who all night long unweary'd ſing,
High glory to the eternal King.

5 Glory to thee who ſafe has kept,
And has refreſh'd me while I ſlept:
Grant, Lord, when I from Death may wake,
I may of endleſs life partake.

6 Lord, I to thee my vows renew,
Scatter my ſins as morning dew;
Guard the firſt ſprings of thought and will,
And with thyſelf my ſpirit fill.

7 Direct, controul, ſuggeſt this day
All I deſign to do or ſay;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy ſole *Glory* may unite.

2. *A* HYMN *of Gratitude to God. Tune* 2, *or* 20. ADDISON.

1 WHEN all thy mercies, O! my God!
My riſing ſoul ſurveys,
Tranſported with the view, I'm loſt
In wonder, love and praiſe.

2 Un-

2 Unnumber'd comforts to my ſoul
Thy tender care beſtow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd,
From whom thoſe comforts flow'd.

3 Ten thouſand thouſand precious gifts,
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the leaſt a chearful heart,
Which taſtes thoſe gifts with joy.

4 Thro' ev'ry period of my life,
Thy goodneſs I'll purſue;
And after death in diſtant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

5 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy ſhall adore.

6 Thro' all Eternity to thee,
A joyful ſong I'll raiſe;
But O! Eternity's too ſhort,
To utter *all* thy praiſe.

HYMN 3. *Morning Worſhip. Tune* 2. Pſa. 5. Dr. WATTS.

1 LORD, in the morning thou ſhalt hear,
My voice aſcending high;
To thee will I direct my pray'r,
To thee lift up mine eye.

2 Up to the hills where Chriſt is gone,
To plead for all his Saints,
Preſenting at his Father's throne
Our ſongs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God before whoſe ſight
The wicked ſhall not ſtand;
Sinners ſhall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 But to thy houſe will I reſort,
To taſte thy mercies there;
I will frequent thine holy court,
And worſhip in thy fear.

5 O may thy ſpirit guide my feet
In ways of righteouſneſs!
Make ev'ry path of duty ſtrait
And plain before my face.

6 The men that love and fear thy name
Shall ſee their hopes fulfill'd;
The mighty God ſhall compaſs them,
With favour as a ſhield.

HYMN 4. *The inviſible Creator ſeen in his Works. Tune* 14, *or* 9. Pſ. 19. Addiſon.

1 THE ſpacious firmament on high,
And all the blue etherial Sky,
And ſpangled Heavens a ſhining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

2 The unweary'd ſun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power diſplay,
And publiſhes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

3 Soon as the evening ſhades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
And nightly to the liſt'ning earth,
Repeats the ſtory of her birth.

4 Whilſt all the ſtars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And ſpread the truth from pole to pole.

5 What.

5 What tho', in ſolemn ſilence, all
Move round this dark terreſtrial ball;
What tho', nor real voice nor ſound
Amidſt their radiant orbs be found:

6 In reaſon's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever ſinging as they ſhine,
The hand that made us is divine.

HYMN 5. *The Majeſty and Glory of God.*
Tune 14, 9 *or* 12. Pſ. 104.

1 DO thou, my ſoul, in ſacred lays,
Attempt the great Creator's praiſe:
But O! what tongue can ſpeak his fame!
What mortal verſe can reach the theme!

2 Enthron'd amidſt the radiant ſpheres,
He, glory like a garment wears:
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thouſand ſuns around him ſhine.

3 Before his throne a glitt'ring band,
Of Seraphims and Angels ſtand;
Etherial ſpirits, who in flight,
Outwing the active rays of light.

4 To God all nature owes its birth:
He form'd this pond'rous globe of earth;
He rais'd the glorious arch on high,
And floor'd it with the azure ſky.

5 In all our Maker's grand deſigns,
Omnipotence and wiſdom ſhines;
His works thro' all this wondrous frame,
Bear the great impreſs of his name.

6 Rais'd on Devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my ſoul, his glories ſing;
And let his praiſe employ thy tongue,
Till liſt'ning worlds applaud the ſong.

HYMN 6. *God's Sovereignty and Goodneſs.*

Tune 13. Pſ. viii. Dr. WATTS.

1 O LORD our heavenly king,
Thy name is all divine;
Thy glories round the earth are ſpread,
And o'er the Heaven they ſhine.

2 When to thy works on high,
I raiſe my wond'ring eyes,
And ſee the moon compleat in light,
Adorn the darkſome ſkies.

3 When I ſurvey the ſtars,
In all their ſhining forms;
Lord, what is man, that worthleſs Thing,
Akin to duſt and worms!

4 Lord, what is worthleſs man,
That thou ſhould'ſt love him ſo!
Next to thine angels is he plac'd,
And Lord of all below.

5 How rich thy bounties are,
And wondrous are thy ways;
Of duſt and worms thy pow'r can raiſe
A monument of praiſe.

HYMN 7. *God's Sovereign Dominion. Tune* 8.
Iſaiah xxvi.

1 ALMIGHTY God! thy powerful word,
From nothing all things brought;
Earth, ſeas, and ſkies, by thee their Lord,
With ſkill divine were wrought.

2 By thee preſerv'd, the whole remains,
A proof of power divine;
And all that this great *all* contains,
By ſovereign right is thine.

3 Thou

3 Thou over all art Lord ſupreme,
All elſe from thee derive;
No Being can diſpute this claim,
Or independent live.

4 To thee, our Lord, we therefore bow,
To thee our *all* reſign;
Entire to thee ourſelves we vow,
For we are wholly thine.

5 To thee, and thee alone we'll live,
From other Lords withdrawn;
No more to idols homage give,
Nor think ourſelves our own.

6 Accept what now without reſerve,
We to thy will reſign;
And let thy mighty grace preſerve
And perfect what is thine.

HYMN 8. *The Wiſdom of God in his Works.*
Tune 20, 8 or 5. Pſ. cxi. Dr. WATTS.

1 SONGS of immortal praiſe belong,
To our Almighty God;
He has our heart, and he our tongue
To ſpread his name abroad.

2 How great the works his hand has wrought,
How glorious in our ſight!
And men in every age have ſought
His wonders with delight.

3 How moſt exact is nature's frame!
How wiſe th' eternal mind!
His counſels never change the ſcheme,
That his firſt thoughts deſign'd.

4 When he redeem'd his choſen ſons,
He fix'd his cov'nant ſure:
The orders which his lips pronounce,
To endleſs years endure.

5 Nature, and time, and earth and ſkies,
Thy heavenly ſkill proclaim;
What ſhall we do to make us wiſe?
But learn to read thy name.

6 To fear thy power, to truſt thy grace,
Is our divineſt ſkill;
And he's the wiſeſt of our race,
That beſt obeys thy will.

HYMN 9. *Praiſe to God for his Works.*
Tune 16. Pſ. cxxxvi. Dr. WATTS.

1 GIVE thanks to God moſt high,
Jehovah heavenly king;
And let the ſpacious earth,
His works and glories ſing;
Thy power and grace
Are ſtill the ſame,
And let thy name
Have endleſs praiſe.

2 How mighty is thy hand!
What wonders haſt thou done!
Who form'd the earth and ſeas,
And ſpread the heavens alone:
Thy mercy, Lord
Shall ſtill endure,
And ever ſure
Abides thy word.

3 Thy wiſdom fram'd the ſun,
To crown the day with light;
The moon and twinkling ſtars
To chear the darkſome night:

Thy power and grace
Are ſtill the ſame
And let thy name
Have endleſs praiſe.

4 Thine only Son is ſent
To ſave us from our woe,
From ſatan, ſin, and death,
And every hurtful foe;

Thy mercy Lord
Shall ſtill endure,
And ever ſure
Abides thy word.

HYMN 10. *God's Government, his Church's Joy. Tune* 17. Iſaiah lii. V. 7.
Dr. DODDRIDGE.

1 YE ſubjects of the Lord, proclaim
The royal honours of his name;
Jehovah reigns, be all your ſong;
'Tis he thy God, O Sion reigns;
Prepare thy moſt harmonious ſtrains,
Glad Hallelujahs to prolong.

2. Ye princes boaſt no more your crowns,
But lay the glitt'ring trifles down,
In lowly honours at his feet:
A ſpan your narrow empire bounds;
He reigns beyond created rounds,
In ſelf-ſufficient glory great.

3 Tremble ye pageants of a day,
Form'd like your ſlaves, of brittle clay,
Down to the duſt your ſceptres bend;
To everlaſting years he reigns,
And undiminiſh'd pomp maintains,
When kings, and ſuns, and time ſhall end.

HYMN 11. *The Wiſdom of God in the human Frame. Tune* 2. Pſ. cxxxix. Dr. WATTS.

1 WHEN I with pleaſing wonder ſtand,
And all my frame ſurvey,
Lord 'tis thy work, I own thy hand,
That built my humble clay.

2 Thy hand my heart and reins poſſeſt,
Where unborn nature grew,
Thy wiſdom all my features trac'd,
And all my members drew.

3 Thine

3 Thine eye with niceſt care ſurvey'd
The growth of every part;
Till the whole ſcheme thy thoughts had laid,
Was copy'd by thy art.

4 Heav'n, earth, and ſea, and fire, and wind,
Shew me thy wondrous ſkill;
But I review myſelf, and find,
Diviner wonders ſtill.

5 Thy awful glories round me ſhine;
My fleſh proclaim thy praiſe;
Lord, to thy works of nature join
Thy miracles of grace.

HYMN 12. *God our Shepherd. Tune* 18.
Pſ. xxiii. ADDISON.

1 THE Lord my paſture ſhall prepare,
And feed me with a ſhepherd's care;
His preſence ſhall my wants ſupply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon day's walk he ſhall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When

2 When in the ſultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirſty mountains pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary wand'ring ſteps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers ſoft and ſlow
Amidſt the verdant landſkip flow.

3 Tho' in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overſpread,
My ſtedfaſt heart ſhall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me ſtill;
Thy friendly crook ſhall give me aid,
And guide me thro' the diſmal ſhade.

4 Tho' in a bare and rugged way,
Thro' devious lonely wilds I ſtray;
Thy preſence ſhall my pains beguile,
The barren wilderneſs ſhall ſmile;
With ſudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And ſtreams ſhall murmur all around.

HYMN 13. *God the Support and Guardian of the Poor. Tune* 8.

Pſ. lxxxiv. V. 10. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

1 PRAISE to the Sov'reign of the ſky,
Who from his lofty throne,
Looks down on all that humble lie,
And calls ſuch ſouls his own.

2 The haughty ſinner he diſdains,
Tho' gems his temples crown;
And from the ſeat of pomp and pride,
His vengeance hurls him down.

3 On the afflicted pious poor,
He makes his face to ſhine;
He fills their cottages of clay,
With luſtre all divine.

4 Among th' meaneſt of thy flock
There let my dwelling be,
Rather than under gilded roofs,
If abſent, Lord, from thee.

5 Poor and afflicted if we be,
In thy ſtrong name we truſt;
And bleſs the hand of ſovereign love,
Which lifts us from the duſt.

HYMN

HYMN 14. *God hearing Prayer. Tune 2.*
Pſ. cxlv. Dr. WATTS.

1 LET every tongue thy goodneſs ſpeak,
Thou ſov'reign Lord of all,
Thy ſtrengthening hands uphold the weak.
And raiſe the poor that fall.

2 When ſorrow bows the ſpirit down,
Or virtue lies diſtreſt,
Beneath ſome proud oppreſſor's frown,
Thou giv'ſt the mourners reſt.

3 The Lord ſupports our tott'ring days,
And guides our guidy youth;
Holy and juſt are all his ways,
And all his words are truth.

4 He knows the pains his ſervants feel,
He hears his children cry,
And their beſt wiſhes to fulfil
His Grace is ever nigh.

5 His mercy never ſhall remove
From men of heart ſincere;
He ſaves the ſouls whoſe humble love
Is join'd with holy fear.

6 My

6 My lips ſhall dwell upon thy praiſe,
And ſpread thy fame abroad;
Let all the ſons of Adam raiſe
The honours of their God.

HYMN 15. *Divine Bounty crowns the Year.*

Tune 8. Pſ. lxv. V. 6. &c.

1 'TIS by thy ſtrength the mountains ſtand
God of eternal power;
The ſea grows calm at thy command,
And tempeſts ceaſe to roar.

2 The morning light and evening ſhade,
Succeſſive comforts bring;
Thy plenteous fruits make harveſt glad,
Thy flowers adorn the ſpring.

3 Seaſons and moons, and times and hours,
Heaven, earth, and air are thine;
When clouds diſtil in fruitful ſhowers,
The Author is divine.

4 Thoſe wand'ring ciſterns in the ſky,
Born by the winds around,
With wat'ry treaſures well ſupply,
The furrows of the ground.

5 The

5 The thirſty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear;
Thy ways abound with bleſſings ſtill,
Thy goodneſs crowns the year.

HYMN 16. *On the ſame Subject. New Year.*
Tune 14, 9, *or* 12. Dr. DODDRIDGE. Pſ. lxv.

1 ETERNAL ſource of every joy!
Well may thy praiſe our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Thy goodneſs crowns the circling year.

2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand ſupports the ſteady pole;
The ſun is taught by thee to riſe,
And darkneſs when to veil the ſkies.

3 The flow'ry ſpring at thy command,
Embalms the air, and paints the land;
The ſummer rays with vigour ſhine,
To raiſe the corn and cheer the vine.

4 Seaſons, and months, and weeks and days,
Demand ſucceſſive ſongs of praiſe;
Still be the chearful homage paid,
With op'ning light, and ev'ning ſhade.

5 Here in thy houſe ſhall incenſe riſe,
As circling ſabbaths bleſs our eyes;
Still will we make thy mercies known,
Around thy board, and round our own.

6 O may our more harmonious tongues,
In worlds unknown purſue our ſongs;
And in thoſe brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more.

HYMN 17. *The Bounties of Providence praiſed.*
Tune 9. Dr. DODDRIDGE. Matt. v. V. 45.

1 FATHER of lights, we ſing thy name,
Who kindleſt up the lamp of day;
Wide as he ſpreads his golden flame,
His beams thy power and love diſplay.

2 Fountain of good, from thee proceed,
The copious drops of genial rain;
Which thro' the hills, and thro' the meads,
Revive the graſs and ſwell the grain.

3 Thro' the wide world thy bounties ſpread;
Yet millions of our guilty race,
Tho' by thy daily bounty fed,
Affront thy law, and ſpurn thy grace.

4 Not

4 Not ſo may our forgetful hearts
O'erlook the tokens of thy care;
But what thy lib'ral hand imparts,
Still own in praiſe, ſtill aſk in prayer.

5 So ſhall our ſun more grateful ſhine,
And ſhowers in ſweeter drops ſhall fall,
When all our hearts and lives are thine,
And thou, our God, enjoy'd in all.

6 Jeſus, our brighter ſun ariſe,
In plen'tous ſhow'rs thy ſpirit ſend;
Earth then ſhall grow a paradiſe,
And in the heav'nly EDEN end.

HYMN 18. *Deſire of Inſtruction. Tune* 20, 8, *or* 5. Pſ. cxix. Dr. WATTS.

1 THY mercies fill the earth, O Lord!
How good thy works appear!
Open mine eyes to read thy word,
And ſee thy wonders there.

2 My heart was faſhion'd by thy hand,
My ſervice is thy due:
O make thy ſervant underſtand
The duties he muſt do.

5 Here in thy houſe ſhall incenſe riſe,
As circling ſabbaths bleſs our eyes;
Still will we make thy mercies known,
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O make thy ſervant underſtand
The duties he muſt do.

3 If once I wander from thy path,
I think upon my ways;
Then turn my feet to thy commands,
And truſt thy pardoning grace.

4 Now I am thine, for ever thine,
O ſave thy ſervant, Lord;
Thou art my ſhield, my reſting place,
My hope is in thy word.

5 Since I'm a ſtranger here below,
Let not thy path be hid;
But mark the road my feet ſhou'd go,
And be my conſtant guide.

HYMN 12. *Prayer for the Succeſs of the Goſpel.*
Tune 12, *or* 9.
Iſaiah, lxii. V. 6, 7. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

1 INDULGENT Sov'reign of the ſkies,
And wilt thou bow thy gracious ear?
While feeble mortals raiſe their cries,
Wilt thou, the great Jehovah hear?

2 Look down, O God, with pitying eye.
And view the deſolation round;
See what wide realms in darkneſs lie,
And hurl their Idols to the ground.

3 Loud let the goſpel-trumpet blow,
And call the nations from afar:
Let all the iſles their Saviour know,
And earth's remoteſt ends draw near.

4 Triumphant here let Jeſus reign,
And on his vineyard ſweetly ſmile;
While all the virtues of his train
Adorn our church, and bleſs our iſle.

5 On all our ſouls let grace deſcend,
Like heavenly dew in copious ſhowers:
That we may call our God our friend,
That we may hail ſalvation ours.

6 Then ſhall each age and rank agree,
United ſhouts of joy to raiſe:
And Zion, made a praiſe by thee,
To thee ſhall render back the praiſe.

HYMN 20. *Hoſannah to Chriſt coming.*

Tune 8 *or* 5.

Luke iv. V. 18, &c. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

1 HARK the glad ſound! the Saviour comes
The Saviour promis'd long!
Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a ſong.

2 On him the ſpirit largely pour'd,
Exerts its ſacred fire;
Wiſdom and might, and zeal, and love,
His holy breaſt inſpire.

3 He comes, the pris'ners to releaſe,
In ſatan's bondage held:
The gates of braſs before him burſt,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes from thickeſt films of vice,
To clear the mental ray;
And on the eye oppreſt with night,
To pour celeſtial day.

5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding ſoul to cure;
And with the treaſures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad Hoſannahs, prince of peace,
Thy welcome ſhall proclaim:
And Heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

HYMN 21. *Chriſt and Aaron compared.*
Heb. 9. *Tune* 5. Dr. WATTS.

1 JESUS, in thee our eyes behold
A thouſand glories more,
Than the rich gems, and poliſh'd gold,
The ſons of Aaron wore.

2 They firſt their own burnt off'rings brought,
To purge themſelves from ſin;
Thy life was pure without a ſpot,
And all thy nature clean.

3 Once in the circuit of a year
With blood, but not his own,
Aaron within the veil appears,
Before the golden throne.

4 But Chriſt, by his own pow'rful blood
Aſcends above the ſkies:
And in the preſence of our God,
Shews his own ſacrifice.

5 Jeſus, the king of Glory reigns
On Zion's heav'nly hill;
Looks like a lamb that has been ſlain,
And wears his prieſthood ſtill.

6 He ever lives to intercede
Before his father's face;
Give him, my ſoul, thy cauſe to plead,
Nor doubt the Father's grace.

HYMN 22. *The grand Scheme of the Goſpel.*
Tune 17.
Epheſ. i. V. 9, 10, 11. D. DODDRIDGE.

1 WE ſing the deep myſterious plan,
Which God deviſ'd ere time began,
At length diſclos'd in all its light;
We bleſs the wondrous birth of love.
Which beams around us from above,
With grace ſo free, and hope ſo bright.

2 Here has the wiſe, eternal mind
In *Chriſt*, their common head, conjoin'd,
Gentiles and *Jews*, and earth and heav'n,
Thro' him from the great Father's throne,
Rivers of bliſs come rolling down,
And endleſs peace and life are giv'n.

3 No more the awful *Cherubs* guard
The tree of life with flaming ſword,
To drive afar man's trembling race;
At *Salem*'s pearly gates they ſtand,
And ſmiling wait (a friendly band)
To welcome ſtrangers to the place.

4 While

4 While we expect that glorious ſight,
Let love our hearts with theirs unite;
And ardent hope our boſoms raiſe;
From earth's dark vale, and tongues of clay,
To thoſe reſplendent realms of day,
We'll try to ſend the ſounding praiſe.

HYMN 23. *The Nativity of Chriſt for Chriſtmas.* *Tune* 13. Luke ii. Dr. WATTS.

1 BEHOLD, the grace appears,
The promiſe is fulfill'd;
Mary, the wondrous Virgin bears,
And Jeſus is the child.

2 The Lord, the higheſt God,
Calls him his only ſon;
He bids him rule the lands abroad,
And gives him David's throne.

3 To bring the glorious news,
A heav'nly form appears:
He tells the ſhepherds of their joys,
And baniſhes their fears.

4 " Go humble ſwains, ſaid he,
" To David's city fly;
" The promis'd infant born to-day,
" Doth in a manger lie.

5 " With looks and hearts ſerene
" Go viſit Chriſt your King;"
And ſtrait a flaming troop was ſeen,
The ſhepherds heard them ſing.

6 *Glory to God on high,*
And heav'nly peace on earth,
Good will to men, to Angels joy,
At the Redeemer's birth.

HYMN 24. *The Names and Titles of Chriſt.*
Tune 16. Dr. WATTS.

1 WITH chearful voice I ſing
The titles of our Lord,
And borrow all the names
Of honour from his word:
Nature and art
Can ne'er ſupply
Sufficient forms
Of majeſty.

2 In Jeſus we behold
His Father's glorious face.
Shining for ever bright
With mild and lovely rays:
Th' eternal God's
Eternal ſon,
Inherits and
Partakes the throne.

3 The ſovereign King of kings
The Lord of lords moſt high,
Writes his own name upon
His garment and his thigh:
His name is call'd
The Son of God,
The earth he rules
With gracious nod.

4 Immenſe compaſſion reigns
In our Imanuel's heart,
When he deſcends to act
A mediator's part:
He is a friend
And brother too,
Divinely kind
Divinely true.

HYMN 25. *The Offices of Chriſt.* *Tune* 16.
Dr. WATTS.

1 JOIN all the glorious names
Of wiſdom, love, and power.
That ever mortals knew.
That angels ever bore;
All are too mean
To ſpeak his worth,
Too mean to ſet
Our Saviour forth.

2 Array'd in mortal fleſh
He like an Angel ſtands,
And holds the promiſes
And pardons in his hand:
Commiſſion'd from
His Father's throne,
To make his grace
To mortals known.

3 Great Prophet of our God,
Our tongues would bleſs thy name,
By thee the joyful news
Of our ſalvation came;

The joyful news
Of ſins forgiv'n,
Of hell ſubdu'd,
And peace with heav'n.

4 Now let our ſouls ariſe,
And tread the tempter down;
Our *Captain* leads us forth
To conqueſt and a crown;
A feeble ſaint
Shall win the day,
Tho' death and hell
Obſtruct the way.

HYMN 26. *The Example of Chriſt. Tune* 19.
Dr. WATTS.

1 MY dear Redeemer, and my Lord!
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and ſuch thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love and meekneſs ſo divine,
I wou'd tranſcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air,
Witneſs'd the fervour of thy pray'r;
The deſart thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy vict'ry too.

4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, my Judge, ſhall own my name
Among the followers of the lamb.

HYMN 27. *The Agonies of Chriſt.* Good Friday. *Tune* 2. Dr. WATTS.

1 NOW let our pains be all forgot,
Our hearts no more repine;
Our ſuff'rings are not worth a thought,
When, Lord, compar'd with thine.

2 In lively figures here we ſee
The bleeding prince of love;
Each of us hope, he dy'd for me,
And then our griefs remove.

3 Grace, wiſdom, juſtice, join'd and wrought
The wonders of that day;
No mortal tongue, no mortal thought
Can equal thanks repay.

4 Our Hymns ſhould ſound like thoſe above,
Cou'd we our voices raiſe;
Yet, Lord, our hearts ſhall all be love,
And all our lives be praiſe.

HYMN 28. *To the Lamb that was ſlain.*

For the ſame. *Tune* 2 *or* 8.
Rev. v. Dr. WATTS.

1 BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb
Amidſt his Father's throne;
Prepare new honours for his name,
And ſongs before unknown.

2 Eternal Father, who ſhall look
Into thy ſecret will?
Who but the Son ſhou'd take that book,
And open every ſeal?

3 He ſhall fulfil thy great decrees,
The Son deſerves it well;
Lo! in his hand the ſovereign keys
Of heav'n, and death, and hell.

4 Now to the Lamb that once was ſlain,
Be endleſs bleſſings paid,
Salvation, glory, joy remain
Forever on thy head.

5 Thou haſt redeem'd our ſouls with blood,
Haſt ſet the priſoners free,
Haſt made us kings and prieſts to God,
And we ſhall reign with thee.

HYMN 29. *The Reſurrection of Chriſt.*
For Eaſter Day. *Tune* 8 *or* 20.
Dr. WATTS.

1 BLEST morning, whoſe young dawning rays,
Beheld our riſing Lord;
That ſaw him triumph o'er the duſt
And leave his dark abode.

2 In the cold priſon of a tomb
The dead Redeemer lay,
'Till the revolving ſkies brought round
The Third, th' appointed day.

3 Hell and the grave unite their force
To hold our Lord in vain:
The ſleeping Conqueror aroſe,
And burſt their feeble chain.

4 To thy great name, Almighty Lord,
Theſe ſacred hours we pay,
And loud *Hoſannas* ſhall proclaim
The triumph of the day.

5 Salvation, and immortal praiſe,
To our victorious King;
Let Heav'n, and earth, and rocks, and ſeas,
With glad *Hoſannas* ring.

HYMN 30. *The Reſurrection of Chriſt.*
Tune 16.
Luke xxiv. V. 34. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

1 YES the Redeemer roſe,
The Saviour left the dead;
And o'er his helliſh foes
High rais'd his conquering head.
In wild diſmay
The guard around
Fell to the ground
And ſunk away.

2 Lo, the angelic band
In full aſſembly meet,
To wait his high command.
And worſhip at his feet:
Joyful they come
And wing their way
From realms of day
To ſuch a tomb.

3 Then back to heaven they fly,
And glad their tidings bear;
Hark! as they ſoar on high,
What muſic fills the air!

Their

Their Anthems ſay,
Jeſus who bled
Hath left the dead
He roſe to-day.

4 Ye mortals catch the ſound
Redeem'd by him from hell;
And ſend the tidings round
The globe on which you dwell;
Tranſported cry,
Jeſus who bled
Hath left the dead
No more to die.

5 All hail, triumphant Lord
Who ſav'ſt us with thy blood;
Wide be thy name ador'd
Thou riſing, reigning Lord!
Oh! let us riſe
With thee to reign
And empire gain
Beyond the ſkies.

HYMN 31. *The Reſurrection and Aſſenſion of Chriſt. Tune* 20 *or* 8.
Dr. WATTS.

1 HOSANNA, to the prince of light
That cloth'd himſelf in clay;
Enter'd the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.

2 Death is no more the King of dread
Since our *Emanuel* roſe;
He took the tyrant's ſting away,
And ſpoil'd our helliſh foes.

3 See how the Conqueror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
With ſcars of honour in his fleſh,
And triumph in his eyes!

4 There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And ſcatters bleſſings down;
Our Jeſus fills the middle ſeat
Of the celeſtial throne.

5 Raiſe

5 Raiſe your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his bleſs'd abode,
Sweet be the accents of your ſongs
To our incarnate Lord.

6 Bright angels ſtrike your loudeſt ſtrings,
Your ſweeteſt voices raiſe,
Let heaven, and all created things
Sound our *Emanuel*'s praiſe.

HYMN 32. *Chriſt the King of the inviſible World. Tune* 14, 9, *or* 12.
Rev. i. V. 18. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

1 HAIL to the Prince of life and peace,
Who holds the keys of death and hell!
The ſpacious world unſeen is his,
And ſovereign power becomes him well.

2 In ſhame and torment once he died,
But now he lives for evermore;
Bow down, ye ſaints, around his ſeat,
And all ye angel-bands adore.

3 So live for ever, glorious Lord,
To cruſh thy foes, and guard thy friends,
While all thy choſen tribes rejoice,
That thy dominion never ends.

4 Worthy thy hand to hold the keys,
Guided by wiſdom and by love:
Worthy to rule o'er mortal life,
O'er worlds below, and worlds above.

5 When death thy ſervants ſhall invade,
When power of hell thy church annoy;
Controul'd by thee, their rage ſhall help
The cauſe, they labour'd to deſtroy.

6 For ever reign, victorious King;
Wide thro' the earth thy name be known;
And call my longing ſoul to ſing
Sublimer Anthems near thy throne.

HYMN 33. *The Glory of Chriſt in his exalted State. Tune* 8, *or* 20.

1 O The delights, the heav'nly joys,
The glories of the place,
Where Jeſus ſheds the brighteſt beams
Of his o'erflowing grace!

2 Sweet Majeſty, and awful love,
Sit ſmiling on his brow;
And all the glorious ranks above
At humble diſtance bow.

3 Princes to his imperial name
Bend their bright ſceptres down;
Dominions, thrones, and pow'rs rejoice
To ſee him wear the crown.

4 Archangels ſound his lofty praiſe
Thro' ev'ry heav'nly ſtreet;
And lay their higheſt honours down
Submiſſive at his feet.

5 Thoſe ſoft, thoſe bleſſed feet of his,
That once rude iron tore,
High on a throne of light they ſtand,
And all the ſaints adore!

6 His head, the dear majeſtic head
That cruel thorns did wound,
See what immortal glories ſhine,
And circle it around!

7 This is the *Man*, th' exalted *Man*,
Whom we, unſeen, adore;
But when our eyes behold his face,
Our hearts ſhall love him more.

HYMN 34. *The Effuſion of the Spirit, and Succeſs of the Goſpel. For* Whitſunday. *Tune* 9. Dr. WATTS.

1 GREAT was the day, the joy was great,
When the divine diſciples met;
Whilſt on their heads the Spirit came,
And ſat like tongues of cloven flame.

2 What gifts, what miracles he gave!
And pow'r to kill, and pow'r to ſave!
Furniſh'd their tongues with wond'rous words
Inſtead of ſhields, and ſpears, and ſwords,

3 Thus arm'd he ſent the Champions forth,
From *Eaſt* to *Weſt*, from *South* to *North*;
Go, and aſſert your Saviour's cauſe,
Go, ſpread the myſt'ry of his croſs.

4 Great King of grace, my heart ſubdue;
I wou'd be led in triumph too,
A willing captive to my Lord,
And ſing the vict'ries of his word.

HYMN 35. *A Prayer for Brotherly Love.*

Tune 12, *or* 19.

1 JESUS, our Saviour, and our king,
Of all we have or hope the ſpring;
Send down thy ſpirit from above
And warm our hearts with holy love.

2 May we from every act abſtain
That hurts or gives our neighbour pain;
And ev'ry ſecret wiſh ſuppreſs,
That wou'd abridge his happineſs.

3 Still may I feel my heart inclin'd
To act the friend to all mankind:
Still wiſh them ſafety, health, and eaſe,
Wealth, fame, eternal life, and peace.

4 Still let my bowels melt and flow,
When I behold a wretch in woe;
And in his ſorrows bear a part,
With ev'ry one of heavy heart.

5 And ſhould my neighbour ſpiteful prove,
Still let me vanquiſh ſpite with love,
Slow to reſent, if he ſhou'd grieve,
Be apt and ready to forgive.

6 Let Love in all my conduct ſhine,
An image faint, tho' fair of thine;
Thus wou'd I thy Diſciple prove,
Great *Prince* of *peace*, great *King* of *love*.

HYMN 36. *Submiſſion to afflictive Providence. Tune* 5, *or* 2.
Job. i. V. 21. Dr. WATTS.

1 NAKED as from the earth we came,
And crept to life at firſt,
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with our duſt.

2 The dear delights we here enjoy
And fondly call our own,
Are but ſhort favours borrow'd now,
To be repaid anon.

3 'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,
Or ſinks them in the grave;
He gives, and (bleſſed be his name)
He takes but what he gave.

4 Peace all our angry paſſions then,
Let each rebellious ſigh
Be ſilent at the ſov'reign will,
And ev'ry murmur die.

5 If ſmiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praiſes ſhall be ſpread;
And we adore the juſtice too
That ſtrikes our comforts dead.

HYMN 37. *Frail Life. Tune* 2.
Job vii.

1 LORD, what a feeble frame is our's!
How vain a thing is Man!
How frail are all his boaſted pow'rs!
And ſhort, at beſt, his ſpan.

2 Swift as the feather'd arrow flies,
And cuts the yielding air;
Or as a kindling meteor dies,
E'er it can well appear.

3 So paſs our fleeting years away,
And time runs on its race;
In vain we aſk a moment's ſtay,
Nor will it ſlack its pace.

4 But Lord, what mighty things depend
On our precarious breath!
And ſoon this dying life will end
In endleſs life or death.

5 Oh ! make us truly wiſe to learn
How very frail we are ;
That we may mind our grand concern,
And for our change prepare.

6 Then may we bid our years roll on,
And time make haſte away ;
The ſooner will our ſouls be gone
To endleſs life and day.

HYMN 38. *Frail Life and ſucceeding Eternity. Tune* 2.

1 THEE we adore, eternal name,
And humbly own to thee ;
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we !

2 Our waſting lives grow ſhorter ſtill,
As months and days increaſe ;
And ev'ry beating pulſe we tell,
Leaves but the number leſs.

3 The year rolls round, and ſteals away
The breath that firſt it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.

4 Dangers ſtand thick thro' all the ground,
To puſh us to the tomb;
And fierce diſeaſes wait around
To hurry mortals home.

5 Good God! on what a ſlender thread
Hang everlaſting things!
Th' eternal ſtate of all the dead
Upon life's feeble ſtrings.

6 Infinite joy, or endleſs woe,
Attends on ev'ry breath;
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death.

7 Waken, O Lord, our drowſy ſenſe,
To walk this dangerous road:
And if our ſouls are hurry'd hence,
May they be found with God.

HYMN 39. *Man mortal, God eternal.*
Tune 9. Pſa. xc. Dr. WATTS.

1 THRO' ev'ry age, eternal God,
Thou art our reſt, our ſafe abode,
High was thy throne, ere heav'n was made,
Or earth thy humble foot-ſtool laid.

2 Long hadſt thou reign'd ere time began,
Or duſt was faſh'on'd into man;
And long thy kingdom ſhall endure,
When earth and time ſhall be no more.

3 But man, weak man, is born to die,
Made up of guilt and vanity;
Thy dreadful ſentence, Lord, was juſt;
Return, ye ſinners, to your duſt.

4 Death, like an over-flowing ſtream,
Sweeps us away; our life's a dream;
An empty tale, a morning flow'r,
Cut down and wither'd in an hour.

5 Teach

5 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man,
And kindly lengthen out our ſpan;
Till a wiſe care of piety
Fit us to die, and dwell with thee.

HYMN 40. *The final Happineſs of the Righteous. Tune* 8, *or* 20.
Matt. xxv. V. 34. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

1 ATTEND mine ear, my heart rejoice,
While Jeſus from his throne,
Amidſt the bright angelic Hoſt,
Makes his laſt ſentence known.

2 When ſinners, baniſh'd from his face,
To raging flames are driv'n,
His voice, with melody divine,
Thus calls his ſaints to Heav'n.

3 "Bleſt of my father, all draw near,
"Receive the large reward;
"And riſe with triumph to poſſeſs
"The kingdom love prepar'd.

4 "Ere

4 "Ere earth's foundations firſt were laid
"This ſov'reign purpoſe wrought,
"And rear'd thoſe palaces divine,
"To which you now are brought.

5 "There ſhall you reign unnumber'd years,
"Protected by my power,
"While ſin and hell, and pains and cares,
"Shall vex your ſouls no more."

6 Come, dear majeſtic Saviour, come,
This *Jubilee* proclaim,
And teach us accents fit to praiſe
So great, ſo dear a name.

HYMN 41. *Grace perfected in glory.*
Tune 8 *or* 5.
1 Peter v. 10, 11. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

1 HOW rich thy favours, God of grace!
How various and divine!
Full as the Ocean they are pour'd,
And bright as Heav'n they ſhine.

2 He

2 He to eternal glory calls,
And leads the wond'rous way,
To his own palace, where he reigns
In uncreated day.

3 Jeſus, the Herald of his love,
Diſplays the radiant prize,
And ſhews the purchaſe of his blood
To our admiring eyes.

4 The ſongs of everlaſting years
That mercy ſhall attend.
Which leads thro' ſuff'rings of an hour
To joys that never end.

HYMN 42. *Communion with God and Chriſt.*
Tune 13.
1 John i. V. 3. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

1 OUR heav'nly Father calls,
And Chriſt invites us near;
With both, our friendſhips ſhall be ſweet
And our communion dear.

2 God pities all my grief,
He pardons ev'ry day;
Almighty to protect my ſoul,
And wiſe to guide my way.

3 How large his bounties are!
What various ſtore of good
Diffus'd from my Redeemer's hand,
And purchas'd with his blood!

4 Jeſus, my living head,
I bleſs thy faithful care;
Mine advocate before the throne,
And my fore-runner there.

5 Here fix my roving heart,
Here wait my warmeſt love,
Till the Communion be compleat,
In nobler ſcenes above.

HYMN 43. *The Diſſolution of the World.*

Tune 12 *or* 9.

2 Peter iii. V. 11, 12. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

MY waken'd ſoul, extend thy wings
Beyond the verge of mortal things:
See this vain world in ſmoke decay,
And rocks and mountains melt away.

2 Behold the fiery deluge roll,
Thro' Heav'n's wide arch, from pole to pole;
Pale Sun, no more thy luſtre boaſt;
Tremble and fall, ye ſtarry hoſt.

3 This wreck of nature all around.
The Angel's ſhout, the trumpet's ſound,
Loud the deſcending Judge proclaim,
And eccho his tremendous name.

4 Children of Adam all appear,
With rev'rence round his awful bar;
For, as his lips pronounce, ye go
To endleſs bliſs, or endleſs woe.

5 Lord, to mine eyes this ſcene diſplay
Frequent thro' each revolving day,
And let thy grace my ſoul prepare
To meet its full redemption there!

HYMN 44. *For the Lord's Day.* Pſalm 118, or Eaſter. *Tune* 8, *or* 20.
Dr. WATTS.

1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own;
Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praiſe ſurround the throne.

2 To-day he roſe, and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the ſaints his triumph ſpread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 Hoſanna! to th' anointed King,
To David's holy ſon!
Help us, O Lord! deſcend and bring,
Salvation from the throne.

4 Bleſt

4 Bleſt be the Lord, who comes to men
With meſſages of grace;
Who comes in God his Father's name,
To ſave our ſinful race.

5 Hoſanna! in the higheſt ſtrains
The church on earth can raiſe;
The higheſt Heav'ns, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praiſe.

HYMN 45. *Invitation to the Holy Communion. Tune* 9, *or* 19.
Malachi i. V. 5. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

1 MY God, and is thy table ſpread!
And does thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all thy children led,
And let them all its ſweetneſs know.

2 Hail ſacred feaſt, which Jeſus makes!
Rich banquet of his fleſh and blood!
Thrice happy he, who here partakes
That ſacred ſtream, that heav'nly food!

3 Why are its dainties all in vain,
Before unwilling hearts diſplay'd?
Was not for you the victim ſlain?
Are you forbid the childrens bread?

4 O let thy table honour'd be,
And furniſh'd well with joyful gueſts;
And may each ſoul ſalvation ſee,
That here its ſacred pledges taſtes.

5 Revive thy dying churches, Lord,
And bid our drooping graces live;
And more that energy afford,
A Saviour's blood alone can give.

HYMN 46. *The pleaſure of public Worſhip.*
Tune 16. Pſa. 84. Dr. WATTS.

1 LORD of the worlds above.
How pleaſant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples are.

To

To thine abode
My heart aſpires
With warm deſires
To ſee my God.

2 Oh! happy ſouls that pray
Where God appoints to hear;
Happy the men that pay
Their conſtant ſervice there:
They praiſe thee ſtill;
And happy they
That love the way
To Sion's hill.

3 They go from ſtrength to ſtrength
Thro' this dark vale of tears.
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
The glorious ſeat
Of God our king,
Oh! thither bring
Our willing feet.

4 To ſpend one ſacred day
Where God and ſaints abide
Affords diviner joy
Than thouſand days beſide
Where God reſorts
I love it more
To keep the door
Than ſhine in courts.

5 The Lord his people loves
His hand no good with-holds,
From thoſe his heart approves,
From pure and pious ſouls.
Thrice happy he,
O God of hoſts,
Whoſe ſpirit truſts
Alone in thee.

47. *Evening* HYMN. *Tune* 19.
Biſhop KENN.

1 GLORY to thee my God this night,
For all the bleſſings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of Kings,
Under thy own Almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done;
That with the world, myſelf, and thee,
I, ere I ſleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that ſo I may
With joy behold the Judgment-day.

4 O may my ſoul on thee repoſe,
And with ſweet ſleep mine eye-lids cloſe;
Sleep that may me more active make,
To ſerve my God when I awake.

5 Let my bleſt Guardian, while I ſleep,
His watchful ſtation near me keep;
My heart with love celeſtial fill,
And guard me from the approach of ill.

6 Lord let my ſoul for ever ſhare
The bliſs of thy paternal care;
'Tis Heaven on earth, 'tis Heaven above,
To ſee thy face, to ſing thy love.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow
Pr: him all Creatures here below
Pr: him above Angelic Host
Pr: Father Son & Holy Ghost.

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FINIS.

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When all thy mercy's O! my God
My rising soul surveys
Transported w.th y.e vicious I am lost
In wonder love & praise

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd

S.t THOMAS.

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Hymn 1st

Awake my Soul & thy great Sun
Thy daily stage of duty run
Shake off dull sloth & early rise
To pay thy morning Sacrifice

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